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She seeks not here to learn what minds unknown
Carved these immortal forms in breathing stone ;
She smiles in joy upon her infant fair,
And that sweet babe, to her glad spirit, seems
Holier than sculptured forms or poets' dreams ;
And in such bliss, oh ! wherefore should she care
Who reared those shafts, by whom those towers were piled ?
The present fills her soul, — her heart is with her child !”

— pp. 197, 198.

3. — *Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe.* By a Lady of Virginia. Philadelphia : Lea & Blanchard. 1842.

UNPRETENDING as the title and introduction are, which herald this little volume to the world, they are still more modest in what they withhold from the public, than in what they express. It might have been proclaimed, that these were the souvenirs of one whose lot was cast among the great in station and in talent ; an habitual associate of families whose names are historical, and of men whom Fame has claimed as her own. But the modesty of the announcement does better justice to the character of the author and of her work. The public is her debtor for a tasteful, interesting, and refined book ; free entirely from any of the mannerism or affectations of the day, written in a chaste but polished style, and abounding in lively and picturesque passages.

The book is, as the title implies, a souvenir of Europe in the form of tales, of which there are three, having no other connexion with each other than that they are the thread on which the writer has strung her pearls of description.

With one exception, the scenes are laid entirely in Europe ; but this exception gives, we think, an additional charm to the book. In the first story, a lover crosses the Atlantic in search of his mistress. While travelling in Virginia, he is overtaken by a violent storm, and is led by a young Indian girl into one of those marvellous caves which abound in the Old Dominion. We cite the entire passage which describes this sublime cavern.

“Medwyn advanced, and to his astonishment found, that they were now emerging from a small apartment that appeared only an ante-chamber to a long suite of rooms leading in various directions, whose almost interminable height and magnificent size were undistinguishable by the imperfect lights carried by his conductress and himself. The blaze of the torches threw their fitful beams upon the walls, which sparkled as if tapestried with cloth of gold inwrought with myriads of

costly gems, while lustres that depended from the ceiling glowed with the prismatic brilliancy of diamonds. The superb columns,—the gleaming white of groups of colossal statuary,—of vases of alabaster,—of candelabras,—of girandoles,—of curtains sweeping with heavy and graceful folds,—even the outlines of a throne,—all flitted in shadowy forms before him, but more like the unearthly phantoms of departed grandeur than the real accompaniments of a kingly palace, and seemed sadly mingled with funereal monuments, which arose in the vast space, with ghost-like whiteness, as the distant light fell on them, and whose dark shadows seemed to reproach them with permitting even that faint smile to illumine their obscurity.”

Let us now turn to a scene the very opposite of this,—one of the *salons* of the noble Faubourg.

“The rich gilding of the vaulted ceilings, the size and magnificence of the mirrors that covered the walls, save where rich specimens of Italian art occupied a portion of the space; the draperies of crimson velvet with their deep fringes of gold, and above all the costly luxury of the superb carpeting and tapestry of the finest Gobelin work, displayed the luxurious taste of the possessor of the mansion. The evening had closed in, and the rich lustres and *or moulu* candelabras threw their brilliant light around,—but the splendid apartments were still unoccupied. At length a light step approached, and the fairy form of Estelle St. Helène was reflected again and again by the brilliant mirrors around her.

“With a slow and uncertain step, she passed through the gorgeous suite of rooms, and paused not until she reached a small apartment at the extremity. Bestowing a slight glance on the delicate tapestry of folds of white satin that draped the walls, and the exquisite gems of art, both in painting and statuary, with which it was adorned, she approached the mosaic table, surmounted by a Sèvres vase of the rarest workmanship, filled with exotic flowers, which, even more than the softened moonlight lustre shed through vases of alabaster, marked the *boudoir*.”

The tales are graceful, interesting, and well contrived. We shall not attempt any analysis of them; but recommend them to our readers, with the certainty that, if they begin to read, they will not lay down the book till they have finished it.

We have remarked, that the book deserves high praise for what it withholds, as well as for what it gives. No American who has ever written about Europe, has enjoyed better opportunities, than our author, of catering for the rapacious appetite of a sorry portion of our countrymen, for the gossip of high life in Europe. She might have run over the whole gamut of personalities, from the commission merchant of New York up to the residents of the Tuileries, or the more aristocratic fixtures of the Faubourg St. Germain. But with these attractions she does not seek to win popularity; the book is entirely guiltless of any such piracies upon private life or public station; it

shows that the writer is equally free from the rawness which is ignorant of, and the impudence which disregards, those rules of society which have authority in no one country, but which belong to the law of nations, and are founded in a universal sense of right.

4. — *Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the Close of the American Revolution.* By WILLIAM SMYTH, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. From the Second London Edition, with a *Preface, List of Books on American History, &c.* By JARED SPARKS, LL. D., Professor of Ancient and Modern History in the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Cambridge: John Owen. 2 vols. 8vo. 1841.

WE are glad to see an American edition of this work, which, whether we regard the topics treated, the manner of the discussion, or the ability, judgment, and liberal spirit of the author, is certainly one of the best that have recently appeared. In fact, we know of no work in the language of a similar character. Fully aware of the want, which students and readers of history have hitherto felt, of some guide by which they may select the best authorities and form a proper estimate of the comparative importance of periods and events, Professor Smyth has conceived and carried out a plan for supplying this want in the study of modern history. His purpose is to teach how history should be read ; to show the way, and furnish lights for pursuing it. In this purpose he has been eminently successful.

Each lecture embraces some general topic, some prominent period of history, to which his attention is chiefly drawn, descending to details only so far as they are requisite to illustrate the higher points of his subject. His method is natural and clear ; his remarks are often profound, always judicious and temperate ; and his views of men and society are of that cheerful and liberal cast, which convinces the reader at every step, that they proceed from a fair mind and a generous spirit. His style and his manner of thinking harmonize with each other ; they are both characterized by simplicity, directness, and vigor. However grave his subject, however cumbersome or dry in its matter, he seldom fails to set it in an attractive light, thereby communicating pleasure with in-